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THE POET AND THE COMPOSER.*

BY E. T. A. HOFFMAN.

The enemy was at the gates, the cannons roared, and fiery granades hissed through the air. The citizens, their faces pale from fright and anxiety, locked themselves up in their houses, and the empty streets resounded only from the horsehoofs of the cavalry patrols, that drove the loitering soldiers to the redoubts. Ludwig sat alone in his little back chamber, altogether absorbed in the beautiful, gay, fantastic world, which had opened to him at his pianoforte. He had just finished a symphony, in which he had endeavored to fix by visible notes, all the sounds which had filled his whole heart. The work should speak, like Beethoven's compositions of that kind, in the divine language of the splendid wonders of the distant romantic land, towards which we yearn in unspeakable longing; nay, it should enter poor oppressed life, like one of those wonders, enticing us away to that land with soft syren voices.

His landlady interrupted his happy reverie, entering his room

* This piece was written after the battle of Leipzig in 1813; and that is the time and scene which the author imagines.

scolding, that he could, in this general distress and anxiety, play on the pianoforte, and asking whether he meant to be shot in his chamber. Ludwig did not fully comprehend, until a granade striking the roof, made the tiles fly, and broke the window panes. The landlady ran crying down stairs, and Ludwig, taking his greatest treasure, the score of his symphony, under his arm, hurried after her into the cellar. Here he found the whole house together. The wine-dealer, occupying the first floor, had, in a fit of liberality, very uncommon with him, presented some dozen bottles of his best wine. The women, greatly frightened, yet as usually mindful to take care of bodily comfort, brought, in their knitting baskets, choice provisions from their pantries. The party eat and drank—and soon passed from the excited state of anxiety to that comfortable feeling which in the common consciousness of safety from present danger brings men nearer together. Each little artificial step, which convenience has taught, seems to be lost and merged in the great dances, to which fate's iron hand beats the time. Their oppressed situation, their evident danger was forgotten, and cheerful conversation flowed from enthusiastic lips. Housemates, who formerly hardly saluted each other, when they met on the stairs, now sat hand in hand, opening their hearts in mutual, hearty compassion. The cannonade grew lighter, and some began to talk of ascending into the street, since they seemed to be safe. An old soldier went further than that; proving, after a short instructive lecture on the art of fortification among the ancient Romans, and the effect of catapults, and after praising Vauban in more modern times, that they need have no fear whatever, the house being altogether out of the line of the firing—when a ball striking the house, sent the tiles, that covered the air-holes, into the cellar. However, nobody was hurt; the soldier jumped on the table with his glass in his hand, challenging the balls to do their worst; and soon tranquillity was generally restored.

This was the last fright; the night passed quietly, and the next morning brought the news, that the army had taken up another position, and voluntarily evacuated the city. Cavalry patrols of the enemy rode through the city, and a public proclamation promised quiet and security of their property to the inhabitants. Ludwig mixed with the crowd, that pressed forward in eager curiosity at the spectacle to meet the hostile commander, who was just passing the gates, amidst the martial sounds of the trumpets, and surrounded by glittering guards.

To his greatest surprise he saw among the adjutants his most intimate academical friend, Ferdinand, prancing past him in simple uniform, the left arm in a sling, on a beautiful charger. "It is he—my friend himself!" Ludwig exclaimed involuntarily. He tried in vain to follow his friend, whose horse bore him quickly out of sight. Ludwig returned thoughtfully to his chamber. But his work would not thrive. The appearance of his friend, whom he had lost sight of for years, filled all his thoughts, and the happy time of youth, which he spent with him, stood in glowing colors before his mind. Ferdinand had not at that time shown the least inclination for a soldier's life; he had devoted himself to the Muses, and many a product of genius attested his vocation for poetry. The less did Ludwig comprehend this metamorphosis of his friend, and he was anxious to see him, yet did not know how and where to find him.

The life and bustle in the place increased hourly; a great part of the hostile armies passed through, and at their head the allied monarchs, who made a halt at the place for some days. Ludwig lost in this general tumult all the hopes of finding his friend, when the latter suddenly in a quiet, little frequented coffee-house, where Ludwig used to take his supper, embraced him with an exclamation of the sincerest joy. Ludwig remained silent, for a certain strange feeling embittered this long-desired moment of seeing his friend again. He felt as we sometimes do in a dream. We embrace our loved ones, who are transformed in our arms into strange beings, and our purest joys are destroyed by the mockery.

The gentle son of the Muses, the poet of many a romantic song, which Ludwig had dressed in tone and melody, stood before him in high military plumes, the heavy sword at his side, and even in his voice, harsh and rough, showing the warrior! Ludwig's darkened looks fell on his wounded arm, and from that on the order on Ferdinand's breast. Ferdinand, however, embraced him with his right arm, and pressed him firmly to his heart. "I know," he said, "what you think now, I know your feelings at our meeting! My fatherland called, and I could not hesitate to follow the call. With that fervent enthusiasm, which our holy cause has lighted up in each one's breast, whom cowardice does not make a slave, this hand, accustomed only to carry the light quill, seized the sword! My blood is spilt already in the great contest, and chance only, which let me do my duty before the eyes of my prince, procured me this order. But believe me, Ludwig; those chords, which have sounded so often

within me, and whose tones have so often spoken to you, are not yet broken; many a song, elevating and confirming me in my glorious call, to fight for honor and liberty, have I composed after the day of a bloody battle on our solitary outposts, when my horsemen snored round their watchfires." Ludwig felt his heavy feeling pass away at these words, and when they had entered a little private room, and Ferdinand had laid aside his casque and sword, it appeared to him as though his friend had only teased him in a strange disguise, which he had now thrown off. The friends supped together, and, with a glass of wine, their hearts opened in joy and youthful buoyancy. The old, glorious time in all its gay tints and lights, and all their joint achievements and projects in the sister arts passed again before their mind. Ferdinand inquired for Ludwig's compositions during the time they had not seen each other, and was highly astonished to hear that he had not yet accomplished his long cherished project of composing an opera, and bringing it out on the stage, not having been able to find a poem capable of inspiring him to its composition by subject and manner of treating the same.

I cannot conceive, said Ferdinand, why you have not written an opera yourself. You cannot be wanting in invention of subject and situation with your lively imagination, and you are master of the language and expression too, so that you need not despair of putting them into verse.

Ludwig. I will acknowledge that my imagination may be lively enough, to find a good subject for an opera; nay, sometimes, especially when I have a light headache, putting me in that dreamy state between waking and sleeping, I have not only fancied, good, really romantic, operas, but have seen them actually performed before me with my own music. However, as to the gift of clothing the subject in proper form, of *writing* an opera, I believe that I am deficient in it; and indeed we composers can hardly be supposed to acquire enough of that technical proficiency, which is necessary for success in each art, and is acquired only by constant and persevering industry and practice, to enable us to build our own verses. But even if I had the talent to put a subject correctly and tastefully into verse, I should hardly resolve, to write an opera for myself.

Ferdinand. But nobody else could so well enter into your musical tendencies, as yourself.

Ludwig. Very true; but it appears to me that the composer, who would sit down to versify an opera subject, must feel as a painter

would, who should be obliged to make first a laborious engraving of the picture, which his imagination had conceived, before he was allowed to commence the painting.

Ferdinand. You think, the fire and spirit necessary for composing would evaporate during the versification ?

Ludwig. So it is ! and in the end my verses would appear to myself but poor, like the paper covers of the rockets, which but lately rose crackling in fiery life into the skies. But seriously, it appears to me in no other art so utterly necessary as in music, to seize the whole to its smallest details in the first, excited enthusiasm. Nowhere is altering and improving so much out of place, and so destructive to the beauty of the whole. I know from experience, that the melody, which springs up in the mind immediately on reading a poem, as it were by magic, is always the best, nay, in the composer's individuality the only true one. It would be impossible for the composer, not to imagine, immediately together with the words, the music, which is appropriate to the situation. Wholly absorbed by the melodies, which would rush upon him, he would in vain seek for words, and if he, by main force, succeeded to give his attention to the words, that stream of melody, however mighty it had rushed, would very soon dry up in barren sand. Nay, to express my conviction still more decidedly : in the moment of musical inspiration all words, all phrases would appear to him insufficient, weak, miserable, and he would have to descend from his height, to beg in the lower region of words for what he needed for existence. And like the eagle would not his wing here soon grow lame, so that he would in vain attempt to fly towards the sun ?

Ferdinand. That sounds plausible enough ; but do you know, my friend, that you rather excuse your aversion to work your way to your musical creations through all the necessary arrangement of scenes, airs, duettos, and so forth, than convince me of the impossibility of the thing ?

Ludwig. That may be ; but I will renew on my part my old reproach ; why have you never yielded to my ardent desire to write me an opera, even at the time when we lived together in the most intimate union in the arts ?

Ferdinand. Because I take it to be the most unrewarded task in the world. You will acknowledge that you composers are the most capricious men in your claims ; and if you say, that the musician cannot be expected to acquire that technical proficiency of versifica-

tion, I would say on the other hand, that it would be very hard work for the poet, to learn all your wants exactly, the structure of your terzettos, quartettos, finales, and so forth. And without this knowledge he would every moment sin against that form which you have accepted as the correct one, with what right yourselves know best. When we have, in the greatest excitement, striven to seize each situation of our poem in true poesy, and to depict it in the most enthusiastic words, in the sweetest verses, you come, making a most unmerciful dash over our most beautiful verses, and abusing our most powerful expressions by twisting them round, taking them out of their connection, and drowning them in the singing.

Thus much I speak only of the trouble of carefully working out the subject. But many a beautiful subject, conceived in poetic inspiration, and which we proudly offer, thinking that we highly favor you, is straightway rejected by you as entirely unfit, and unworthy of a musical dress. And that is often sheer caprice, or I do not know what else; for you very often take up subjects, which stand below the *médiocre*, and—

Ludwig. Stop, my dear friend!—There are certainly composers, who have as little music in them, as some turners of verses have poetry; *they* have often set such subjects, really miserable in every respect, to music. True composers, inspired by and living in the glorious and holy art of music, have always chosen those texts alone, that were poetical.

(To be continued.)

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

FROM THE DIARY OF A DILETTANTE—HARMONICON.

“Almost every public-house in Wurtemberg and other countries in the South of Germany, has a music-room with a piano, and takes in several newspapers,” says a correspondent in *London's Gardener's Magazine*; and he adds, “We do not despair of seeing something similar adopted in this country.”—Nor do I, when the magistrates once open their eyes to the policy, to the necessity, of encouraging innocent amusements, unconnected with setting, among the lower orders. These are allowed to pour a deleterious liquor, called gin, down their throats, till they are only fit to be transferred from the

tap-room to the straw-yard ; but if a fiddle is heard in a public house, the police are immediately on the alert, and should that be accompanied by singing or dancing, straightway the officers of justice—acting under orders—enter the *disorderly* room, and the offenders may think themselves fortunate, if they are not forthwith carried off to the legal *finish*, *i. e.* the watch-house. As to a pianoforte, I verily believe that the publican who had kept one for the use of his customers, would have had no chance whatever of getting his license renewed, under the old regime. He would, even now, be regarded with a very suspicious eye, and not be able to count many friends among the leading members of the select vestry of his parish ; for I am strongly imbued with a belief that the rich retail tradesman is, generally speaking, much more jealous of the happiness of the artisans upon whose ingenuity he has fattened, than are the highest classes. For let it be remembered, that the licensing system was abolished by parliament in opposition to the wishes, and in spite of the strenuous exertions, of a multitude of *little-great* people—lovers of authority, however brief and small ; and that these are still exerting every influence so to modify the new bill as to make it work very much in the mischievous manner of that which is superseded.

[FROM THE HARMONICON.]

THE ELEMENTS OF SINGING.

BY M. CHORON.

One of those illustrious professors, who formed the glory of the old Italian school, one of those great artists, in whom the most profound learning and consummate experience were united with the purest taste and most exalted genius ; one of those masters, in short, who are scarce at all times, but whose race seems now to be extinct, was requested by a young scholar to teach him the art of singing. The master, who knew the young applicant beforehand, and had already remarked in him a rare combination of natural gifts, inclined to grant his request ; but, as a condition of his final consent, demanded that his new scholar should place entire confidence in him, and engage to pursue to the end, and without the slightest deviation, the course of study he should point out, however irksome he might sometimes find it, or however tedious it might sometimes appear.

The scholar gave his word, and the master thereupon consented to direct his studies. He took a sheet of blank music paper, and wrote upon it a few elementary exercises, followed by some others nearly as simple as the first; on the last lines of the sheet he added some ornaments and passages exemplifying the greatest difficulties of the vocal art. This paper he placed in the hands of his pupil, and to its study the entire labors of the first year were confined; the second year passed like the first; the third year was spent, and yet there was no mention of any change of lessons; the pupil began to murmur, but was reminded of his promise, and submitted. The fourth and fifth year were consumed in studying the same sheet of paper which had formed the sole occupation of the three first; the sixth year arrived, and still the paper was not changed, nor its contents augmented by a single note; to the eternal music lesson, however, instructions in articulation, pronunciation, and declamation, were now added. At the end of the sixth year the pupil, who still believed that he was studying only the elements of his art, was agreeably surprised when his master said, "You may go now, my son, you have nothing more to learn; you are the first singer in Italy, or in the whole world!" He said truly. The scholar was Caffarelli; the master, Porpora.

To a numerous class of readers, this anecdote will have all the appearance of fiction; but one well acquainted with the arts, and with the art of singing in particular, will see in it nothing but what is very natural, and even probable. The most complicated achievements in any art, consist only of a combination, more or less diversified, of a few simple elementary principles. Let us take, for example, an art most familiar to the generality of mankind, that of writing. A full stroke and a hair stroke, a straight line and a curve, form the sum total of the elements, from the combination of which, the most beautiful specimens of calligraphy, the delight of connoisseurs, are produced. So with singing; a tone firmly delivered, and a succession of tones well connected with each other, and executed with various degrees of slowness or rapidity, form, at least as far as mechanism is concerned, the whole elements of the art.

From these fundamental propositions, it results that it is impossible to attain excellence in the higher operations of any art, without an intimate acquaintance with the elementary principles; and that, on the contrary, he who has most closely studied, and accustomed himself most to the correct and severe practice of the latter, will suc-

ceed best when he at length attempts the former. It is matter of just astonishment, then, to observe how negligently, and how superficially the elements of the art generally are taught: and we may feel assured, that to this radical vice is attributable, at least in a great measure, the weakness, the imperfection, and the absence of all great results which characterize the studies of the present age.

This truth was deeply felt by the great masters of the old Italian school, and particularly by the celebrated man whose authority has been quoted. They reduced the study of the art almost entirely to that of its elementary principles; persuaded, on the one hand, that it is impossible to raise a solid building if care is not taken at the commencement in the choice and construction of the materials, and certain, on the other, that this precaution, once taken, their success was assured, if nature had bestowed the necessary genius on the pupil.

The elements of singing, like those of writing already referred to, are, in fact, comprised in a very small space. The first page of these exercises* contains perhaps more than the sheet of music paper filled up by Porpora. The ascent and descent of the diatonic scale; the taking all the natural intervals, as 2d, 3d, 4th, &c. in every gradation of quickness (which naturally leads to, and includes the roulade); the false intervals, such at least as are practicable, a subject overlooked in all former systems; the chromatic and enharmonic scales, hitherto equally omitted; lastly, the ornaments of execution, as shakes, &c., these include all the elements of singing; multiply vocal compositions to infinity, and they can only consist of these elements, variously combined, but constantly recurring. It is evident, then, that the perfect execution of these compositions requires a perfect mastery of their elements. It is to this essential point that the whole study of the art of singing should be directed; and I am not afraid to assert, what the experience of every professor, and every scholar who conscientiously dedicates himself either to the teaching or learning it will confirm, that however great may be the abilities, however favorable the dispositions of the students, and however limited the study itself may appear, it must of necessity

* A series of lessons or exercises for one or more voices, by Mr. Choron, which he says are sufficient to lead the student to the attainment of the highest excellence in the art of singing, and which yet are comprised within the limits of two sheets, and sold for two francs. The above is the preface to this work.

occupy several years. I will say more, it must be the business of his life ; for no artist of real talent ever satisfied *himself*, even when delighting and charming others, for it is the characteristic of superior genius to refer all its efforts to an innate, and apparently unattainable, standard of excellence.

In my tables the exercises are merely pointed out for general use. Wider detail would have been useless ; the varieties of the human voice, whether considered as regards general character or individual compass, rendering it impossible to write anything that could be universally applicable. It belongs to the master to apply and modify them according to existing circumstances.

The exercises are without accompaniment, because the practice of the singer ought always to be independent of any instrument ; the use of accompaniment to assist or sustain the voice is in the highest degree noxious, as I shall endeavor to prove. The loftiest, the most beautiful effects within the reach of music are produced by the human voice alone, and it is from the study of pure vocal music only that they can be obtained : to commence the study of singing with the support of instrumental accompaniment, is at once to place the pupil in a false position. The greatest accomplishment of the singer is pureness and truth of intonation ; this purity is the result of an innate feeling, a natural susceptibility of *tune* differing in nicety and degree in different individuals ; and it is by constant reference to this feeling, either in themselves or in others who are remarkable for delicacy of organization in this respect, that each individual acquires the *tact* in the highest degree of which he is personally capable. The student who uses accompaniment, instead of consulting this feeling, makes his own intonation habitually subservient to instruments which are all, by the very principle on which they are tuned, more or less false. His intonation, far from being improved or perfected, is rendered unnatural, and he himself, as daily experience proves, becomes incapable of executing that class of compositions which require the greatest nicety of intonation, those which are written for voices only, and in a severe style, and which enable the human voice, we repeat it again, to produce the sublimest effects of which music is capable.

Independent of this radical defect, the use of accompaniment is attended with other inconveniences ; it serves to hide and disguise the imperfections of the singer even while it bestows a kind of eclat upon his performance. In teaching it distracts the attention of the

master, rendering him less alive to the errors of the pupil, and more negligent in pointing them out and remedying them. If the pupil accompany himself, the attention of necessity paid to the accompaniment, and even his very position of body, is disadvantageous to him. The singer who would avail himself of all his natural powers, (and nature can never have been too liberal to him,) ought always to practise standing in an easy, unconstrained attitude. His whole attention should be directed to the slightest inflection of his vocal organs, in order to obtain a perfect acquaintance with their mode of operation, a complete command over them, and, at the same time, that first of all requisites for a singer, without which he can never hope to produce any great effect, clearness of delivery. In his style he should cultivate a noble and graceful simplicity, studious to discriminate the slightest and most evanescent shades of feeling, and at the same time most careful to avoid that affectation and exaggerated straining after effect, which is so common amongst singers; but which, far from exciting interest, serves only to degrade the artist, and excite in the well-judging portion of his audience, whose suffrages he ought to be most anxious to secure, feelings of weariness and disgust.

All the fundamental principles of the art of singing, or of teaching to sing, of which the majority both of masters and scholars are ignorant, are embodied in these lessons, which will appear amply sufficient to those who are competent to understand them. When the pupil has made some progress, he may select, from the mass of published solfeggi, some lessons of the most esteemed authors, such as Leo, Porpora, Caffaro, &c.; afterwards he may be allowed to sing some of those airs, duets, or trios, of the greatest composers, which are universally esteemed as chefs-d'œuvre in their several styles, whether florid or simple. It will be admitted that such a selection may very well take precedence of the voluminous systems whose didactic parts offer nothing but long and uselessly developed exercises, and, for the rest, contain compositions, very respectable no doubt, but to which we may be forgiven if we prefer the works of the great masters.

The student who, under the guidance of an able instructor, shall have the courage and perseverance to follow the course above prescribed, will find his talents develop themselves in succession, and attain almost, without apparent effort, the rank which nature has assigned to them; for it must not be overlooked, either by instructor

or scholar, that in the moral and intellectual, as well as in the physical world, each individual has certain assigned limits beyond which he cannot pass, whatever efforts he may make, or whatever means he may employ.

BIOGRAPHY.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THE MUSICAL MAGAZINE.]

Carl Maria Von Weber was in the period after Mozart, one of the most original, and at the same time one of the most fertile composers of Germany, and withal, considered as an artist, one of the most remarkable men of the present century. He was born in 1786, on the 18th December, at Eutin, in Holstein. His father was major in the army, and gave him a very careful education, intending him to enter a literary profession. Early inclination led Weber to devote all his leisure hours to painting and music; but although he produced some pretty good works in painting, the sister art soon altogether displaced it, perhaps unconsciously to himself. He employed almost all the hours, which were not devoted to his studies, in music, and seldom felt inclined to join in the plays of other boys, or to sally out with them into the open air. His father led a roving life, and could seldom stay longer at any place than to get well acquainted with it. The disadvantage for the son was, that he had often to change his teachers, and did not everywhere find good ones in those branches to which his inclination led him most eagerly. This circumstance might explain, also, why his first compositions suffer from a want of systematical order and firmness of character. In them, as in his performances on the pianoforte, there was no distinct tendency manifested; although they gave evidence of genius, there was no order or rule in them. The best foundation for that clear and characteristic style of playing the pianoforte, which distinguished him afterwards, he laid in Hildburghausen, under the instructions of the severe, but zealous Heuschkel, in 1796. The more his father perceived this development of a promising talent in his son, the more he took care to have it well cultivated, and he spared for this purpose no trouble or expense. He went with him to Salzburg to Michael Haydn. This serious man, however, was too dis-

tant for the mind of the child, who could not have sufficient confidence in him, nor understand his instructions well enough to profit much by them. To encourage him his father caused, in 1798, six fughettas of his composition to be printed, and the *Leipzig Musical Gazette* gave a flattering notice to this, his first public appearance. At the end of the same year his father came with him to Munich, where the great Valesi (Walleshauser) instructed him in singing, and the court-organist Kalcher in composition. To the careful, clear, and gradually progressive instructions of the latter Weber owes mainly that complete command over the means of the art and their ready and apt use, especially in reference to the correct composition in four parts, which distinguished him afterwards from many other composers. He followed these instructions, and worked his exercises with indefatigable perseverance. At that time already a particular predilection for the dramatic art began distinctly to manifest itself in him. He wrote, under the inspection of his teacher, the opera, "*The power of love and song*," a mass, and several instrumental pieces, all of which, however, he afterwards threw into the fire; for, he said, the world should not measure his powers by these juvenile trifles. Gifted by nature with a quick, fiery, and enterprising mind, he was at times not satisfied with music alone, and his thoughts and occupations reached other and sometimes quite heterogeneous subjects. Thus he caught the idea, to improve the new invention of Sennfelder, lithography, and thought, after many unsuccessful attempts, at last to have succeeded by a new and better contrivance. To make a large business of this invention, which promised great profit, he went with his father to Freiburg in Saxony, where all the necessary material was nearer at hand. However he was no business man, and could not long brook the mechanical, spirit-killing application, necessary to carry on the business; he quitted it, therefore, as quick as he had caught the idea, and returned with renewed vigor and enthusiasm to composition. In Munich he published only six Variations for the pianoforte. In his fourteenth year he wrote the opera "*The Forest Girl*," the text by the knight of Reinsberg. It was produced in November, 1800, and spread to Vienna, Prague, St. Petersburg, and withal much more than the composer afterwards wished, however much flattered he was at the time; for he declared it himself to be an entirely unripe production, although not altogether devoid of invention. From an article in the *Leipzig Musical Gazette* the young composer, easily

excited for anything new, conceived the idea of composing in a new and original manner, reviving in particular the older and forgotten instruments. In this view he composed in Salzburg, where he had gone on account of family affairs, in 1801, the opera "Peter Schmoll and his neighbors." It was performed in Augsburg, but, as was to be expected, with little success. Afterwards he remodeled and published the overture. In 1802 he made with his father a musical tour to Leipzig, Hamburg, and Holstein, during which he collected and studied with great zeal theoretical works on music. They raised many doubts, and caused him to search to its foundation the whole science of harmony, and to raise a musical structure of his own, in which he by his own meditations carried out the fine rules of the great composers of former times. This study made him still more familiar and at home in the wide regions of tone. Returned from this journey, he could not resist a desire to see and enjoy the beautiful and musical city of Vienna, and for the first time alone, he went thither. Here he made the acquaintance, among others, of father Haydn, and of the original Abbot Vogler, who with much love and true benevolence, met the serious inquiries of the youth, and opened to him with the purest devotion the rich treasures of his musical knowledge. It was Vogler, who caused him to forego for the present the composition of greater works, however hard this denial came to him, and to devote himself for almost two years to the persevering and indefatigable study of the compositions of great masters of all diversities and characters. Together with his teacher he analyzed them in regard to their construction, the carrying out of their ideas, and the use made in them of the means of art, and then he tried to appropriate to himself the results of these studies by his own exercises. As pianoforte player also he began now to strike out into a new path, and to begin his career as virtuoso. What had formerly been only fanciful and occasional flights of genius in his playing was now rounded off into an original style of his own, bringing system and character into his performances. He published in the mean time only two works of his own composition, a theme with variations, and the pianoforte arrangement of Vogler's opera of "Samori," which he made by the request of the composer himself. At last a call as music director led him to Breslau, where an entirely new field opened for him. He had not only to form a new orchestra, but also a new choir, and besides, to acquire readiness as conductor, which however he soon completely accomplished. It will be evi-

dent, that with this variety of official occupations, in addition to his continued exercises and studies in music, little time was left for composing; he completed however the opera "Rubezahl," text by Rhode. In 1806 he was called by the distinguished amateur, duke Eugene of Wurtemberg to Carlsruhe, in Silesia. He wrote here two symphonies, several concerts, and concerted pieces for wind instruments. When the war broke up the neat little theatre and the fine orchestra of the duke, he went on a tour, from which he returned, however, soon into the duke's house at Stuttgart. Here he wrote his opera "Sylvana," remodeled from the subject of the "Forest Girl," by Hiemer. The pianoforte arrangement was published by Schlesinger, in Berlin. He composed also the cantata "The First Tone," and some overtures and symphonies, besides which he wrote many pianoforte compositions. In 1810 he made his second great tour, which carried him also to France, and thence back by the way of Munich, to Berlin. His operas were performed in these cities, and his concerts were fashionable. Having returned, he enjoyed again, together with the two congenial minds, Meyerbeer and Gansbacher, Vogler's instructions, and wrote, in 1810, at Darmstadt, his opera "Abu-Hassan."

[To be continued.]

MUSICAL CONVENTION

AT NEWBURY, VT.

We have received by the politeness of Mr. M. E. Cheney, of Montpelier, a copy of the Universalist Watchman of the 27th June, containing a full report of a musical convention, held on the 10th and 11th of June, at Newbury, Vermont.

The perusal of this report has afforded us much real pleasure, and we hail the convention as one of the auspicious signs of the times. The tendency of it and the main substance of the transactions were directed towards the improvement of church singing, as was to be expected, presenting, to be sure, but a very one-sided view of the great art, which should be cultivated mainly by every individual for its own sake and individual influence on his own soul; but yet in our position this is the right beginning for a more general cultivation. The mass of the people, especially in the country, hear no other music but church psalmody; hitherto generally performed by select choirs, to whom the audience listened. The idea is now at work, that *all* might and ought to join in the singing, and of course with

this idea the desire to learn to sing becomes prominent. Singing schools are opened for adults and for juvenile classes. If thus congregational singing is introduced, the instrumental accompaniment will be of more importance, being required with greater firmness and power to keep a so much larger choir in order; amateurs will take up, therefore, instrumental playing more than they have hitherto done; be it on the outset only for the purpose of assisting in the psalms of the church; a taste for singing and instrumental music thus once acquired will not stop here, but will progress in the measure as the means of greater proficiency will be put within its reach. This is the way music will take throughout the country, and it behooves our great cities, the musical Boston in particular, to meet this demand thus made upon them by the country, by raising good teachers, with a thorough musical education for it—teachers who are able to communicate with a more elevated *practice* of the art, a more elevated *conception* of it; teachers who are not merely day-laborers, but artists in mind and feeling. To succeed in this, not only scientific instruction should be offered and facilitated for those who feel a calling for the profession, but the enjoyment and frequent hearing of classical music well performed should be brought within their reach; for only such opportunities can make the artist.

But to return to the Newbury Musical Convention. We will notice a few remarks, which struck us agreeably, as a good sign.

We refer first to the numerous attendance of clergymen on the convention. The clergymen have hitherto been very negligent in this respect. They have directed their great influence but very little to the promotion of the art. May the example of the clergymen of Vermont be largely followed.

Secondly, the importance of knowledge in the art and *science* of music was strongly recommended to teachers. Hitherto the science of music has very generally been thought not absolutely necessary for a teacher of the art; this is a great mistake, which cannot soon enough be rectified.

And Thirdly, a decided preference was resolved for stringed instruments to wind instruments, as means of accompaniment. Let that feeling grow, and lead to a more general cultivation of them among amateurs, and let them learn not to be satisfied with mere scraping, but to go deeper into the true practice of the art, and an important step will be gained in its improvement.

We hope the people of Vermont will keep up and increase the spirit which is moving among them.